

# SALMON RUN ZINE



INKCREDIBLE WORK BY TALENTED PROFRESHIONALS

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# **NOTICE**

**WHEN I WAS DREAMING UP THIS ZINE, THERE WAS NO WAY I COULD HAVE POSSIBLY ANTICIPATED THE OVERWHELMING SUPPORT IT WOULD HAVE GATHERED.**

**OVER 150 FELLOW SALMON RUNNERS APPLIED TO THIS PROJECT, WITH OVER 70 OF THEM BEING CONTRIBUTORS IN THIS ZINE. I AM HUMBLLED BY THE VERY LARGE NUMBER, AND GRATEFUL FOR THE MANY, MANY HOURS GIVEN TO THIS PROJECT TO MAKE IT ALL POSSIBLE.**

**I HOPE EVERYONE THAT LOOKS THROUGH THIS WILL TAKE THE TIME TO GIVE A LOOK AT THE CONTRIBUTORS SOCIAL MEDIA - THERE'S SO MUCH TALENT HERE, AND THEY ABSOLUTELY DESERVE YOUR TIME AND SUPPORT.**

**THANK YOU ALL YOU FOR YOUR INTEREST IN THE SALMON RUN ZINE, AND I HOPE YOU ENJOY LOOKING THROUGH THE MANY PAGES.**

**- UMBRA, HEAD INTERN**

# PIECES







Katiemonz  
KW KT '19

## A LESSON IN GRILLING

By Ashe

Here's the facts: Grillers on Ruins of Ark Polaris on the third wave and everything is green; you and Katie are backed up against the basket with red lasers trained on your chests, while Kiera is having trouble climbing a wall and holding her Squiffer's charge. The Grillers are nowhere to be seen, which is what's so horrifying, because they're quiet and fast and they swerve around corners like drag racers, hellbent on destroying your small squad. Dan, your fourth teammate, is a bit of a newb, but he's trying his best, and that's all you can ask of him really. Smallfry are his number one enemy, and there's a running bet amongst your squad about how many times he can manage to be bludgeoned into a splat by their tiny spoons. His knees are probably bruised yellow-purple under the Grizzco uniform. It'd be sad, really, if it wasn't so funny to hear him constantly sputtering and panicking as the tiny Salmonids serpentine toward him.

Dan is near the water, trying to outrun a swarm of said Smallfry, with only a Sploosh-O-Matic between himself and their deadly spoons. He's on Smallfry murdering duty, a role that he'd accepted with a grim face. "Sometimes," you'd assured

him, as the sky darkened and Mr. Grizz grumbled that Grillers were on their way, "the only way to defeat your fear is to face it head on."

You're very much regretting that now, as a Griller swerves up a ramp and onto the top floor. Ruins of Ark Polaris is the newest in a string of places where Salmonid runs are common, and you're not that familiar with the geography yet—it's all vertical, with grind rails and stomach-churning drops to the water, but the Ark is a beautiful site. You and Katie liked to lean against the stern of the boat and stare back at it as you were towed away after a shift, imagining how it got that way. "The humans were in a panic," you said once, as Katie leaned her hip against yours, spit-balling, storytelling, trying to figure it all out. "Sea level rising, nowhere to go, no time."

"I know the feeling," Katie said, miming a shooting action. It was graceful, fluid, because she was so seasoned with so many dualies. "Sea level rises like crazy here. I'm surprised the ship is still around."

You looked back at the giant boosters. "Humans built things to last."

She slung an arm around your shoulders. "Ashe, you need to stop thinking about the humans. Let's regroup with Kiera and Dan."

Now though, you can't spare a glance at the ruins. The Griller is barreling toward you,

not unlike an out of control Ultra Stamp, and Katie barely dodge rolls out of the way. You can hear her grunt as she lands in a splotch of green ink and tries to unstick her feet. You're equipped with an Octobrush, which enables you to slide away from the Griller, but doesn't really help dispatch it easily. You run away, because you're a girl who knows when it's best to retreat and hope to at least lead the Griller away from your teammates. Just there, you see Katie jump on a rail to lead the other Griller away. Hopefully, Kiera and Dan can help slow them down.

Things had been going well. You, Katie, and Kiera were a tri-squad for a while, picking up random freelancers when you needed them, but you wanted a fourth to round out the team. Dan was barely fresh enough to buy clothes in the square, but he was Katie's longtime friend who desperately needed money, so you decided to take him onboard. He was a quick learner—though he got tripped up by the small things (Smallfry) and had a tendency to babble incoherently when panicked. Still, he fit the team well. Kiera preferred long-range weapons like chargers and splatlings while Katie was a dualies fiend. You were a jack-of-all trades but preferred brushes and rollers, so you needed someone who liked short-range shooters who could paint well, and Dan fit that role.

If only he didn't get tripped up by



**“Quickly, the three of you dispatch the Griller and pop its five eggs into the basket, easily getting over quota.”**

ankle-biting Smallfry.

“Ashe, behind!” Kiera cries, and you whip around to finally see her slam an egg in the basket and train her Squiffer’s sight toward the Griller’s tail. The laser isn’t nearly long enough to hit it, so you swerve a little, crushing a few Smallfry under your brush, and lead the Griller back toward the basket. Kiera lets off her shot and it lands true; it’s just enough to finally stall the Griller out and you hear Katie give a whoop from where she’s still sailing around the basket on the rail, Dualie Squelchers aimed at the newly frozen boss.

Quickly, the three of you dispatch the Griller and pop its five eggs into the basket, easily getting over quota.

“Where’s the other one?” you ask as Katie paints around the basket and Kiera dunks down to refill her tank.

“Switched to Dan,” Katie answers. “How many specials you got?”

You reach up to feel your hat,

where both special packets are still securely tied in place. “Two Splashdowns.”

“I got one Bomb Rush left,” Kiera says.

“And I’m out of Ink jet. That means Dan has Stingray.”

“He’s doomed,” you and Kiera chorus together.

Then, on cue, a very loud, very sad yell comes from down below. It’s followed shortly by a weak “Help!”

“Called it,” Katie sighs.

“I’ll get him,” you volunteer.

“Be careful,” Katie advises, and points at her chest, where a red laser has appeared, a reminder that the Grillers switch targets quickly. There’s an identical one on Kiera’s chest. “I’m gonna keep the ground painted. Kiera, get on a rail when it gets close.”

“Got it.” The group breaks and you jump off the edge, falling as fast as you can so you can bring Dan back into the fight.

You remember, vibrantly, time before, back when Turf War was localized in the Plaza instead of the Square, when the Squid Sisters were the keepers of the news, when Strength Up was still allowed on the battlefield. Things were simpler then, and you didn’t want to let it go. Grizzco is what brought you to the Square. Grizzco with its promise of riches and teamwork, of challenge, and, most of all, of a change of pace. Turf War was fun, but there was

something about getting on the boat, riding out to the abandoned places where the Salmonids spawned, something about those golden eggs, so shiny, so luminous, with their tiny sparks of life in them. You tried not to think about the little embryos that stared out at you as you dunked them into the basket.

“They have to respawn like we do,” Katie said once, as you were sailing out to Ma-rooner’s Bay. The human’s giant abandoned ship made your Grizzco-owned vessel look tiny. “There are so many of them.”

“I hear they trade with Octarians,” you said, casting a quick glance in Kiera’s direction. Kiera, with her backwards tentacles and high-pitched voice, Octoling from head-to-toe.

“They do,” Kiera muttered back from where she was sitting with her back against the stern, checking over her Squiffer for damage. “Grillers are just really fast Flooders.”

Something about that, about her lightly accented words, said with such confidence, made you shiver. “That doesn’t bother you?” you asked her.

She shrugged and lined up her Squiffer’s sight. “I live in Inkopolis now.” She does, along with hundreds of other Octolings—Octolings who flocked to Grizzco’s welcoming arms as quickly as they could because they needed money. You and Katie picked her up early, and you’ve been friends ever since. Lucky too—she’s a crack shot

with all the weapons you’re not confident with.

You and Katie, however, are close, very close, “as close as Pearl and Marina,” your friends like to joke. Friends for a long time, growing ever closer, Grizzco is your primary source of income. Without it, both of you would be seriously hurting for cash. Plus, there’s something super appealing about trying to figure it out, the Salmonid patterns, the weapons and their roles, the dangerous waves that happen after dark. And together, with Katie, you feel invincible.

But, back to the present. You reach Dan quickly, save him from certain doom, and lead him back up to the basket with your brush. He breathes a breathless thanks in your direction, and you merely push his Sploosh-O-Matic toward the ground, muzzle aimed for the Smallfry. “Shoot them,” you say. “Just keep your feet painted and they’ll die.”

“Got it!” Dan nods once, forcefully, and follows your directions. He’s a fast learner.

Around the basket, there’s pandemonium. The Grillers have arrived and they’ve already taken a chunk out of Kiera. She’s respawning slowly, crying for help at steady intervals, while Katie is dodge rolling away, aiming for a rail again. She’s almost out of ink though.

You point Dan toward Kiera and he nods again. Given

direction, he tears across the map, easily dodging a Griller and only getting caught up on Smallfry for a few seconds. You hear him save Kiera when she lets out a loud booyah and you focus on clearing the ground of any green ink.

There isn’t much you can do with two Grillers running around. Your Octobrush hits hard, but the Grillers move in fast, unpredictable patterns, so instead you rush for a rail. You have to get on top of the Griller if you have any hope of doing any good, safe damage.

The rails have always been your favorite thing about the Ruins. A Grizzco addition, they circle the basket like sharks, and you love jumping on and seeing everything from a different angle. Plans form, bosses scatter, Smallfry swing their spoons, and your team regroups. Kiera backs into the basket, using it for cover, Dan takes to attacking Smallfry, lip caught between his teeth in concentration, Katie sails by on the other side, still on her rail, trying to fill her ink tank

You’re close to the end of the rail now. Kiera dispatches a Griller with a wellaimed shot, and it explodes with a burst of machinery and purple ink. The other Griller switches targets, its laser moving from Katie to Dan. Dan, now a closer target, panics and tries to get out of the way as the boss changes direction.

You leap, Octobrush primed. It feels familiar in your hands, and your fingers and palm are well-calloused from holding it, from swinging it; your arms know its rhythm, and you instinctively know its range. The Griller doesn’t stand a chance.

You land on top of the Griller and bring your Octobrush down with a loud whap! It twangs off the top of the boss and you slide backward. All according to plan. It switches targets, to the most dangerous attacker, and the laser appears on your chest. As you go down, you swipe, hitting true to the tail and stalling it out. The Griller freezes, panicked, and your frantic teammates shoot at it as its tails twirl about its UFO-shaped body.

It goes down. All four of you grab an egg and deliver them. You let Dan grab the fifth. Then, two more lasers appear (Dan and Kiera) and you share only a moment of peace, a single breath where you look at each other and smile.

Dan yelps, because a Smallfry has managed to escape his Sploosh-O-Matic’s wrath, and he grabs at his leg. “My knees will never be the same!” he cries

Everyone laughs, but then the Grillers appear, careening up the ramps.

Back to work.



# SALMON RUN

WITH

## OFF THE HOOK



## OFF THE HOOK!?

By Decoy

Decoy Sanchez punched their time card into the green punch clock hanging on the wall just outside the locker room. The time on the clock glowed 6:05. Five minutes late... again... Static screeched in the overhead speakers, followed with Mr. Grizz's firm, booming voice, "Ten minute warning. Please equip the company-issued uniform and report to the boat immediately. Your assigned co-workers, job site location, and company-issued weapons will all be taken care of on the boat. That is all!"

Decoy's face blushed red as they entered the locker room and began to shed off their clothes quickly. KB was already dressed in the Grizzco gear, arms folded, looking a little impatient with her tardy co-worker.

"Late again Decoy?" KB's tone of voice was more playful than condemning, but of course Decoy's complete lack of discerning humor resulted in Decoy sighing audibly, pulling the Grizzco overalls over their clothes before replying with, "Awww c'mon KB... you know I don't drive. The train had problems!"

KB shook her head and

said, "It's fine Decoy. I'm not actually upset." KB started walking towards the back door of the locker room that opened up to the dock. Decoy ran after KB, pulling their green boots over the overall pants, stopping to hop a bit at times.

Decoy and KB sat together on the boat, clutching their weapons. "Do you think we'll get partnered with good randos?" asked Decoy. KB scoffed, "Well, with names like 'Hypesquid' and 'Hyperfresh,' they should be good, right?"

They super squid jumped to the center of the job site.

Both Decoy and KB turned around to size up the randos....

"OFF THE HOOK!?" Decoy and KB shouted in unison.

### SPECIAL FEATURE:

#### Wave 1:

Stars twinkle above bioluminescence flies conga line of Death

#### Wave 2:

Off the Hook comes to you live! Grizzco pays all day as long as you live!

#### Wave 3:

Outer Space or in the depths of the ocean, where do chinooks come from

#### Wave 4:

Return to the boat  
Final wave clear! Time to snap pictures with idol







## FIRST SHIFT

By Starsyte

The evening air around the Ruins of Ark Polaris was calm and still, broken only by a low whoosh as four cephalopods landed with a soft plop around the basket. One of them immediately jumped to her feet, spinning around to face her companions. “Hi! Sorry we didn’t get to introduce each other earlier. I’m Aqua, and that’s my brother Cobalt.”

“Zoe,” the young octoling replied, “and Jay’s over there.” The other octoling merely greeted her with a quiet nod. “Nice to meet you! Have either of you—” But the inkling’s words were cut off as a low foghorn sounded in the distance.

“You’ve got a Boss Salmonid incoming. DO YOUR JOB!” Aqua flashed them an apologetic smile. “Ahh, well, don’t worry about it. I’m sure you’ll catch on quick.”

Their radio headsets crackled to life. “Salmonids coming in on the southern shore,” Cobalt called.

“Got it.” Aqua darted to the edge of the tower, waving at the pair of octolings. “C’mon, let’s go back him up!” Zoe and Jay followed after her, leaping together off the tow-

er. Cobalt was already hard at work beating back the smaller Salmonids with his Ink-brush. Two Scrappers roared up the incline, followed by a giant Steelhead. It let out a low growl, tossing its head back to charge its bomb. Before it could finish Jay fired a shot with his Charger, causing the Boss to explode in a wave of orange ink, wiping out every nearby enemy and leaving three Golden Eggs.

“Nice shot!” Zoe shouted, leaping down to take on the Scrappers. Aqua stopped both of them with a well-placed Blaster shot; Zoe quickly squeezed by, her Splattershot making swift work of them and leaving another cluster of eggs.

“Good work!” Aqua praised. “Go ahead and bring those to the basket, I’ll take care of these Salmonids.”

“Okay!” Zoe picked up an egg; it slipped easily into the netting of her life preserver. Grinning, she eagerly grabbed another.

“Hey!” Cobalt stopped beside her, plucking the egg from her grasp. “One at a time. You need to keep your hands free to defend yourself.”

“Oh! Right, sorry!” Zoe stammered. She left the other eggs to the inkling and quickly swam back up the ramp, tossing hers into the basket with a satisfying plunk.

“Salmonids spawning on the eastern shore,” Aqua called. “Flyfish, Stinger, Steel Eel

coming up the ramp.”

“C’mon, Jay!” Zoe yelled. “Let’s go take ‘em out!”

She didn’t wait for his reply, instead leaping off the edge of the tower on her own. Below her a Flyfish was hovering into position; the Smallfry manning the cockpit let out a tiny screech as it locked onto her. Zoe lobbed a Splat Bomb into one missile basket as it creaked open, a second one sailing over her head. Both bombs exploded simultaneously, sending the Flyfish spiraling down with an angry squeal. “Nice throw!” Zoe cheered. Jay didn’t reply, simply jumping down to collect an egg. She followed him, grabbing another and stuffing it into her life preserver. She turned around, suddenly choking back a terrified squeak. The Steel Eel had reversed its path and was now bearing down on her. Panicking, Zoe dodged to the left, trying to squeeze around it. But the Steel Eel’s long clanking body cut her off, blocking her escape route.

“Over here!” Aqua shouted. She was standing at the base of one of the ride rails, waving urgently. Zoe darted over to her, the Steel Eel still hot on her heels, and leaped onto the rail behind Aqua. Her boots latched on securely, carrying her up and out of reach of the Boss. She let out a shaky sigh of relief.

“Thanks!”

“No worries!” the inkling replied, tossing a grin over her

shoulder. “This job can get pretty hectic; we gotta watch each others’ backs.”

The rail ended just above the basket; the two cephalopods leaped to the ground, throwing their eggs in just as the metal grille slammed shut and the basket popped back into the ground. “Come to papa, little eggs...NOW BRING ME MORE!”

Zoe felt a strange tugging sensation coming from her life preserver, then suddenly she was Super Jumping back to her starting point. The four of them popped back out of the ink to the sound of rushing water.

“A school of Salmonids is gathering down at the shoreline. Group up and bring ‘em down.”

“This way!” Cobalt called. Zoe followed the inkling as he jumped off the tower—then skidded to a stop, mouth agape. The water had receded, revealing a huge crescent-shaped area beyond the regular shoreline. The others had already gone ahead, leaving Zoe scrambling to catch up.

She stopped by the basket, scanning the far shoreline. A group of Salmonids were clamoring out of the water, followed by a towering Stinger. The octoling darted forward, ignoring Cobalt’s warning shout. She could handle a single group of Salmonids solo. Grinning eagerly, she swung her weapon up and—

“This job can get pretty hectic; we gotta watch each others’ backs.”

dashed by her, darting down the path to grab some eggs.

The rest of the wave was about as smooth as a Salmon Run shift could be. Taking Cobalt’s advice to heart, Zoe stuck near the basket, picking off Salmonids from afar and letting her teammates carry the eggs. She even forgot they had a time limit—that is, until Aqua’s shout suddenly echoed through their headsets. “We’re short on quota! Ten seconds left!”

Zoe spun around in a panic, frantically searching for extra eggs. But every single Golden Egg sat on the outside crescent, thanks to her sniping all the Bosses before they could reach the basket. There was no way

Coddammit. She’d been so distracted by the new terrain that she hadn’t bothered to check her weapon; she was holding the Splat Charger. The Salmonids, seeing the panicked look on her face, screeched and swarmed her, overwhelming her before she could charge up a single shot.

Zoe bobbed on top of the ink, Salmonids bumping her life preserver back and forth as they raced down the middle path toward the basket. A high-pressured stream of ink suddenly blasted down the path, tearing through the Salmonids and knocking the Stinger’s pots down one by one, splatting it instantly. The Stingray caught Zoe as well; she bounded to her feet with renewed vigor, grabbing one of the Stinger’s eggs before swimming back to the basket.

“Don’t run ahead like that,” Cobalt scolded.

“Sorry...I just wanted to take down the Salmonids before they got too close.”

“Being focused is good, but don’t forget your weapon’s skillset. Stay by the basket; with the Charger you can take them out from afar.”

“Right.” Zoe carefully aimed a shot down the center path, wiping out a line of charging Salmonids. The others



**“Booyah!” Zoe cheered. “Last second dunk!”**

they’d be able to grab one in time. Except...

Jay tore around the edge of the shoreline with the Inkbrush, a horde of Smallfry following him and an egg strapped to his back. But he was clearly struggling, stumbling through green ink as his tank suddenly ran dry. Before the Smallfry could catch him Jay reached for his hat, tearing off one of the Special packs. A Bomb Launcher sprang open on his back but Jay ignored it, instead putting his Inkbrush down and speeding toward the basket, throwing his egg in right before the grille slammed shut.

“Booyah!” Zoe cheered. “Last second dunk!”

“Smart move, using your Special to refill your tank,” Aqua praised.

There was no time to celebrate though as they all Super Jumped in unison back to the basket. Zoe popped up to her feet, this time remembering to

check her weapon: the Blaster. She glanced back up at her teammates, just in time for a wall of white to descend around them.

“Looks like the fog’s rolling in. Stay sharp! NO SLACKING!”

“Everyone pair up!” Aqua’s voice sounded muted through the thick blanket of fog. “Find a partner and stick with them!”

Zoe barely took two steps through the fog before bumping into one of her teammates with a small ‘oof’. “Watch it!” snapped a voice that clearly belonged to Jay. She grabbed his arm, half to steady herself half to pull him with her. “C’mon, let’s head to the shore and look for some Salmonids.”

Jay grunted but didn’t argue, simply following her as she led the way down to the shoreline. The two of them peered through the mist, trying to track down the Salmonids. Zoe squeaked as a huge Steelhead suddenly loomed out of the fog, rearing back with a grunt as it began to charge its bomb. She hit it squarely with a Blaster shot, and Jay quickly finished it off with his Splattershot. Each of them grabbed an egg before hopping on a rail to the basket. The fog thinned as they neared the top, and Zoe felt her stomach flip. It was pure chaos by the basket, with Salmonids of all siz-

es swarming up the ramps from every angle. Aqua was darting back and forth with the Inkbrush, weaving her way around the basket while beating back Smallfry and Chum. Cobalt was doing his best to snipe down the larger Salmonids, but it didn’t look easy with a couple of Smallfry beating at his ankles. The two octolings jumped off the rail, Jay making quick work of the Smallfry.

“Thanks!” Cobalt shouted, taking aim at an overturned Drizzler. Between the three of them it went down quickly, but not before its projectile exploded, raining drops of green ink on their heads. Zoe winced in pain, diving out of the way of a sudden barrage of missiles.

“Zoe!” Aqua darted up to her, batting away a Chum. “Those Flyfish are down by the western docks, can you take care of them?”

“On it!” she replied, jumping down off the tower. A swarm of Salmonids snapped up at her, but Zoe quickly tore open one of her Special packs, her Inkjet buoying her clear above their heads. She trained her sights on the two Flyfish hovering by the water’s edge, quickly firing a shot into each basket. Before she could grab an egg however, something very sparkly looking caught her eye.

“There’s a gold Salmonid down here!” Zoe shouted eagerly.

“Leave it!” Cobalt

snapped.

“But—!”

“Let it come to the basket,” Aqua stated. “Goldies can carry tons of eggs, it’s a waste to splat it too close to shore!”

The Inkjet on her back began to splutter, leaving Zoe no time to argue. She dipped down to grab an egg before it broke, sending her Super Jumping back to the top of the tower. She twisted through the air, ready to land by the basket again—only to land directly in the mouth of a Maws, its jaws closing around her with a merciless snap.

Zoe bobbed back on top of the ink, searching frantically for the others. Two more life preservers floated next to her; Cobalt and Jay. She felt her hearts skip a beat. With three of them down that only left...

“Stay where you are! I’m coming!”

The Salmonids around them craned their necks up, eagerly gathering around one of the ride rails. A golden glint appeared through the fog, then a bright orange sparkle.

“Booyah!” Aqua yelled, springing high into the air. The Splashdown was so powerful it rocked the basket, instantly annihilating every nearby Salmonid and leaving behind a mass of Golden Eggs. Zoe let out a cheer as the three of them sprang to their feet, grabbing every egg

within reach and flinging them in the basket right before the metal grille slammed shut with a loud jingle.

“Wahoo!” she cried. “We did it!”

“You finished your first Salmon Run shift,” Cobalt said, grinning widely. “Congrats!”

Aqua immediately flopped on top of the basket, and Zoe quickly joined her. Soon all four cephalopods were partying around the basket, heedless to the satisfied growl that echoed on their radios.

“Well done. That’s the last of ‘em. Now get back to the boat.”

**“Well done. That’s the last of ‘em. Now get back to the boat.”**













ANGELA M CHONG





THIS WAY!

THIS WAY!



ANGX

VXX

ZZO



SPLAT00N2

SALMON RUN





GINGER  
SN4PP  
19













# Salmon Speed Walkers





















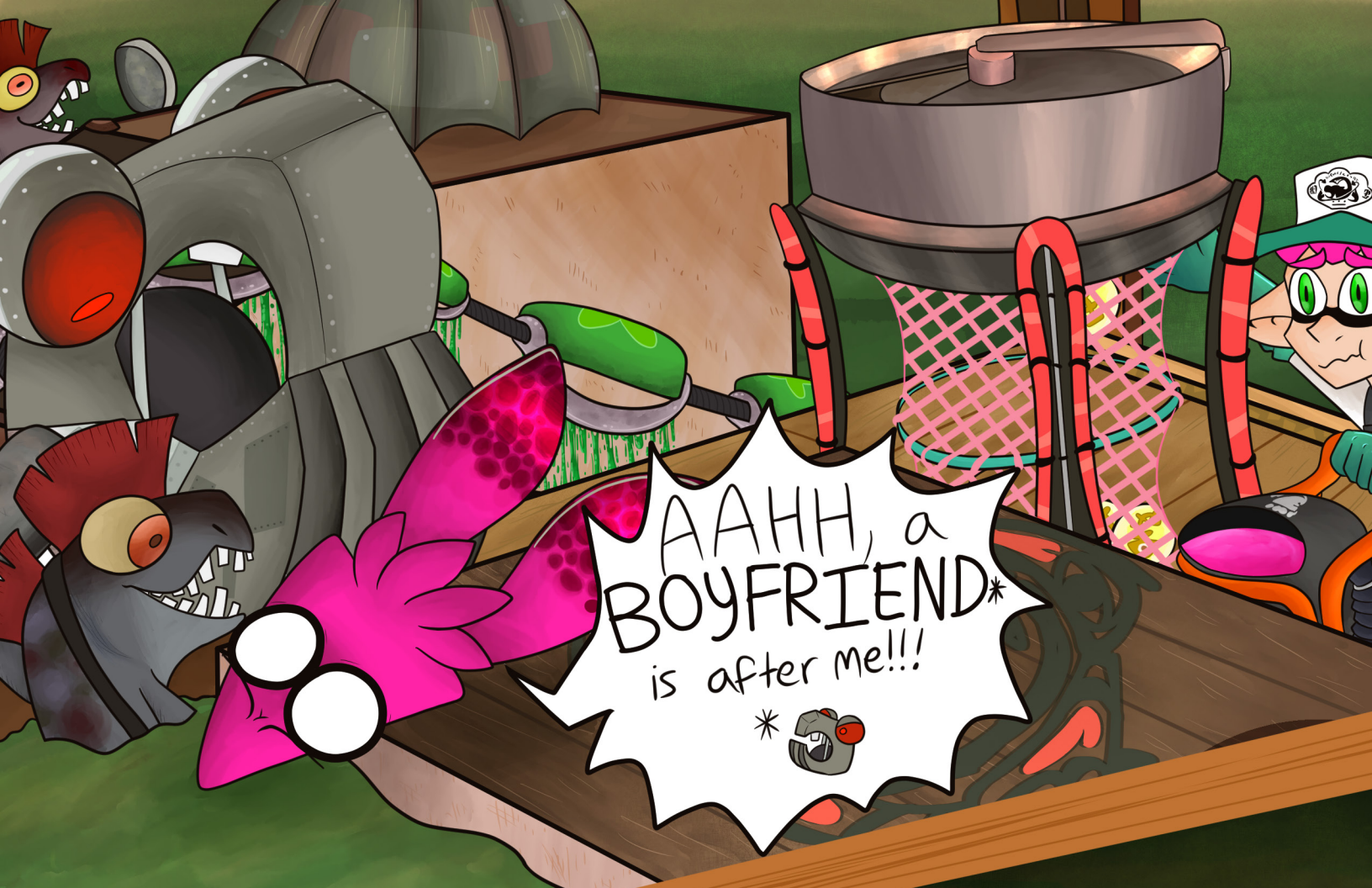


Caduncia '19









AAHH, a  
BOYFRIEND\*  
is after me!!!



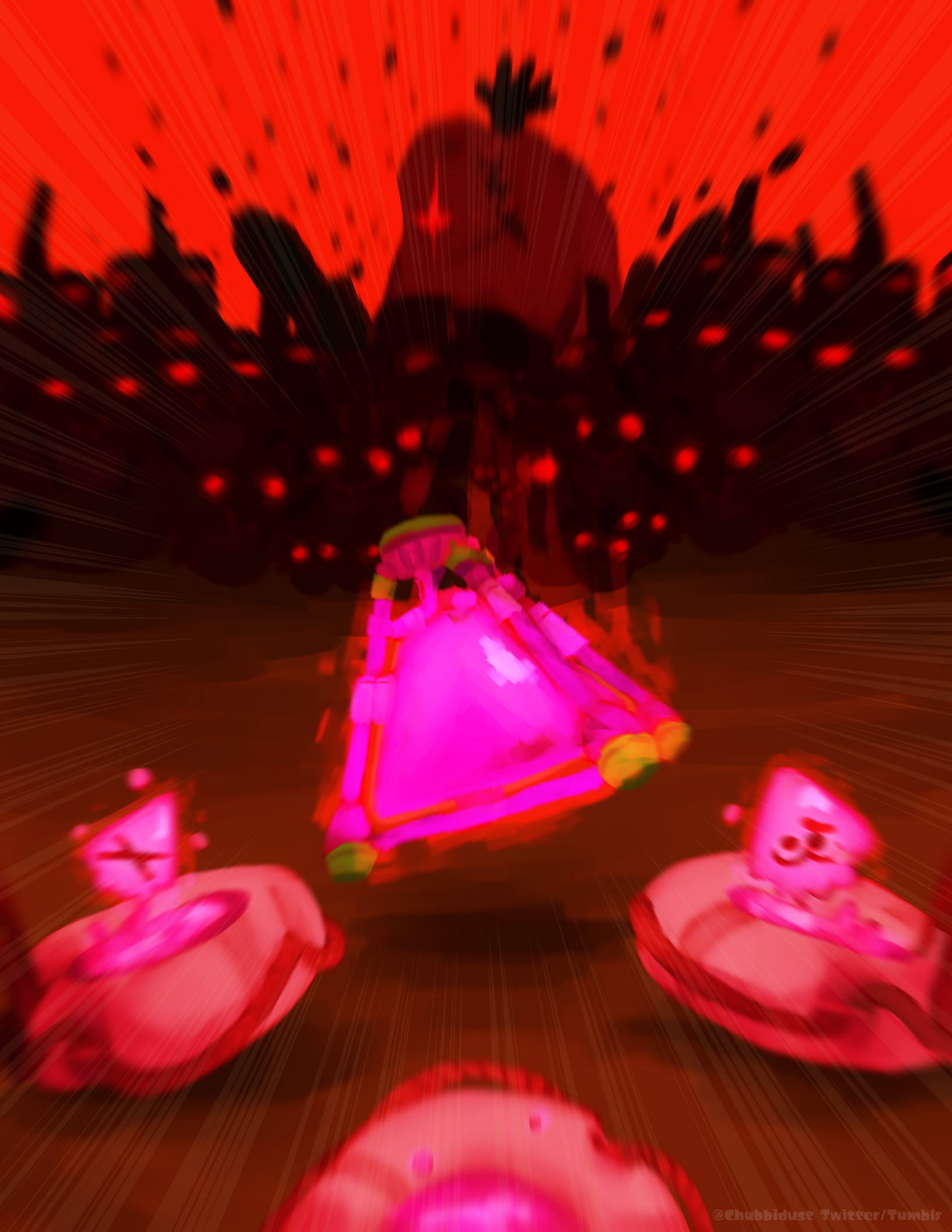
Hey,  
somebody  
**HELP**  
me!!!

I can't,  
I have the  
Bamboozler!

















































This way

This way

This way!

This way!

This way









STYLUS COATS

















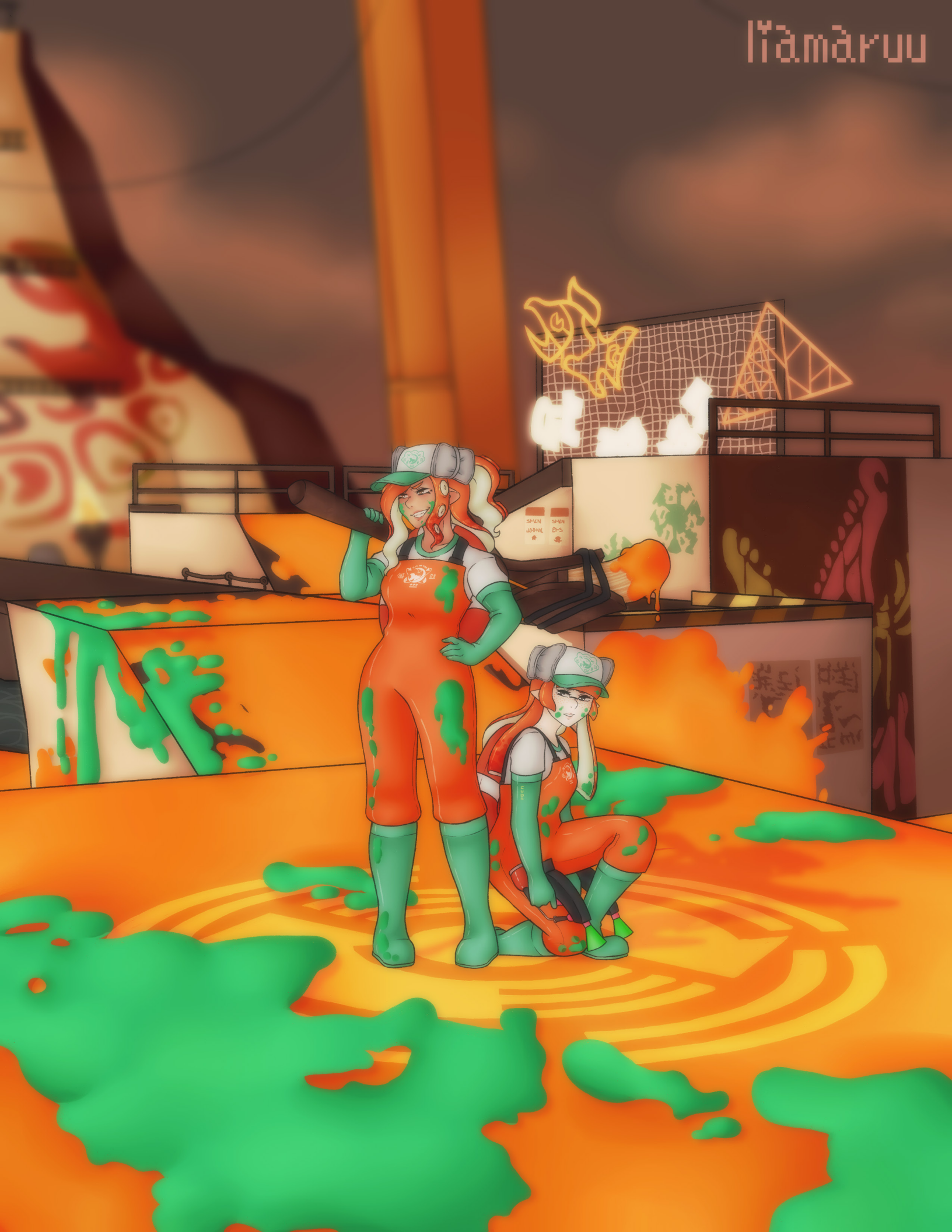
















BOOYAH!



¿You ready, amigos?



BOOOOOOOOM!



Spread out, cover some ground!

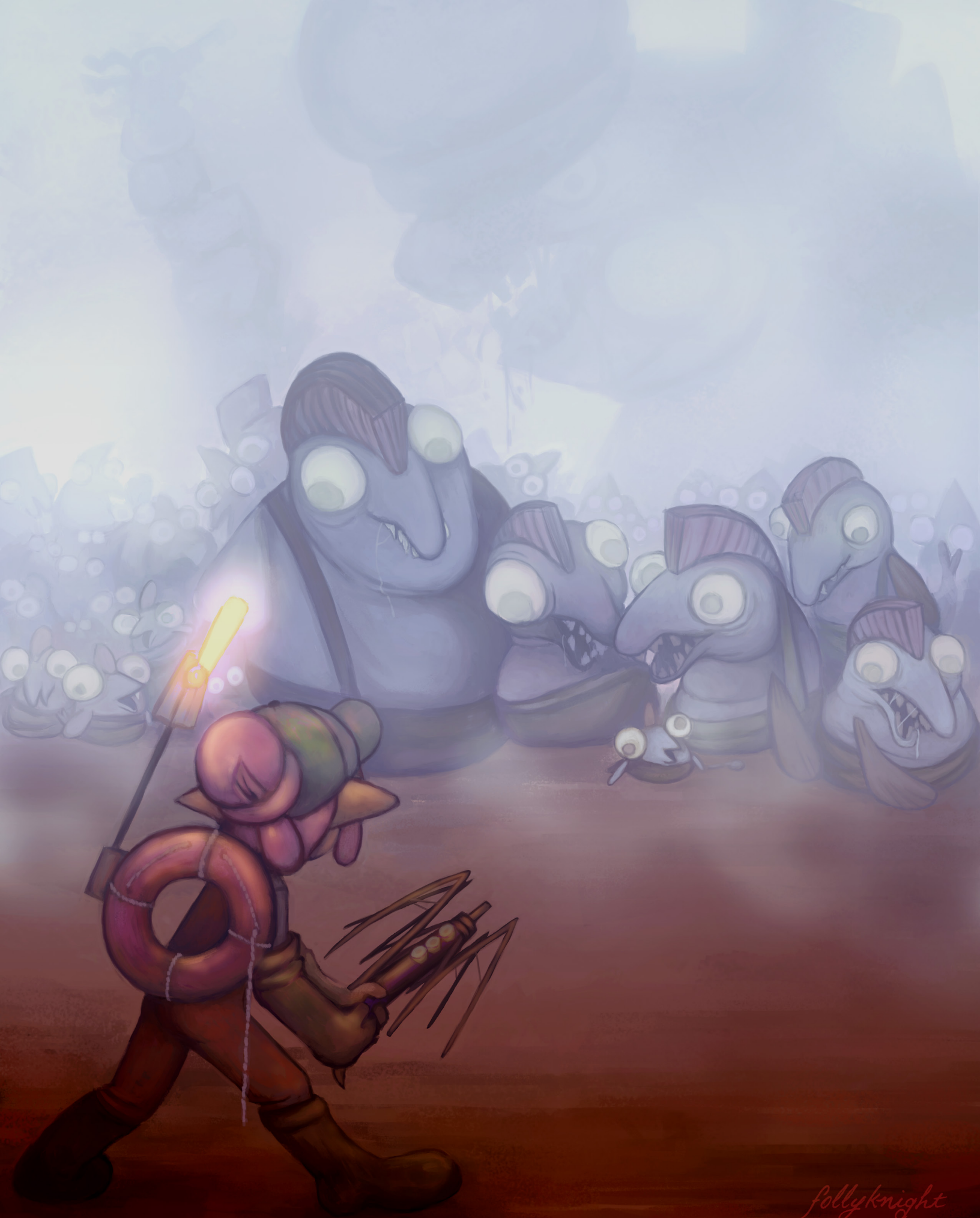
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HAZARD LEVEL MAX!!

7 Newshero





*follyknight*  
*Lindsey K. 2019*





# GONE FISHING

lizzy

















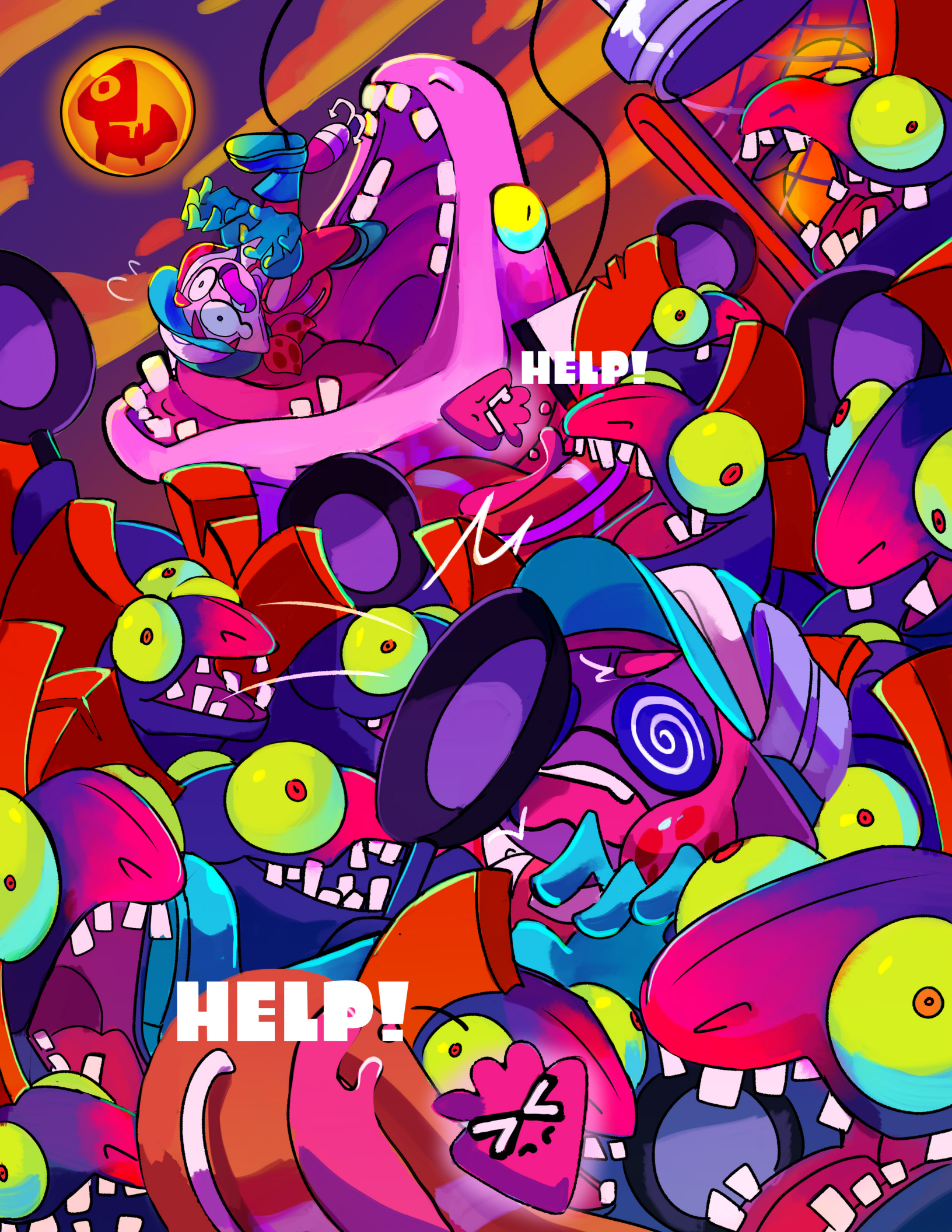












**HELP!**

**HELP!**







Wave 1

Quota

10



4/∞







Hey, Grizz,  
we didn't know how  
many eggs we needed  
for the last round,  
so we just got  
a gross?



A gross,  
huh? Well  
thats...



**A GROSS!?**  
**THATS 144**  
**EGGS!**



**Oops.**













@theoliveowl





Tropic  
Penguin









©PsyDoktor 19

PsyDoktor 19

















Help!

Help!  
Help!

Help! Help! Help!



Splatted by  
Flyfish!





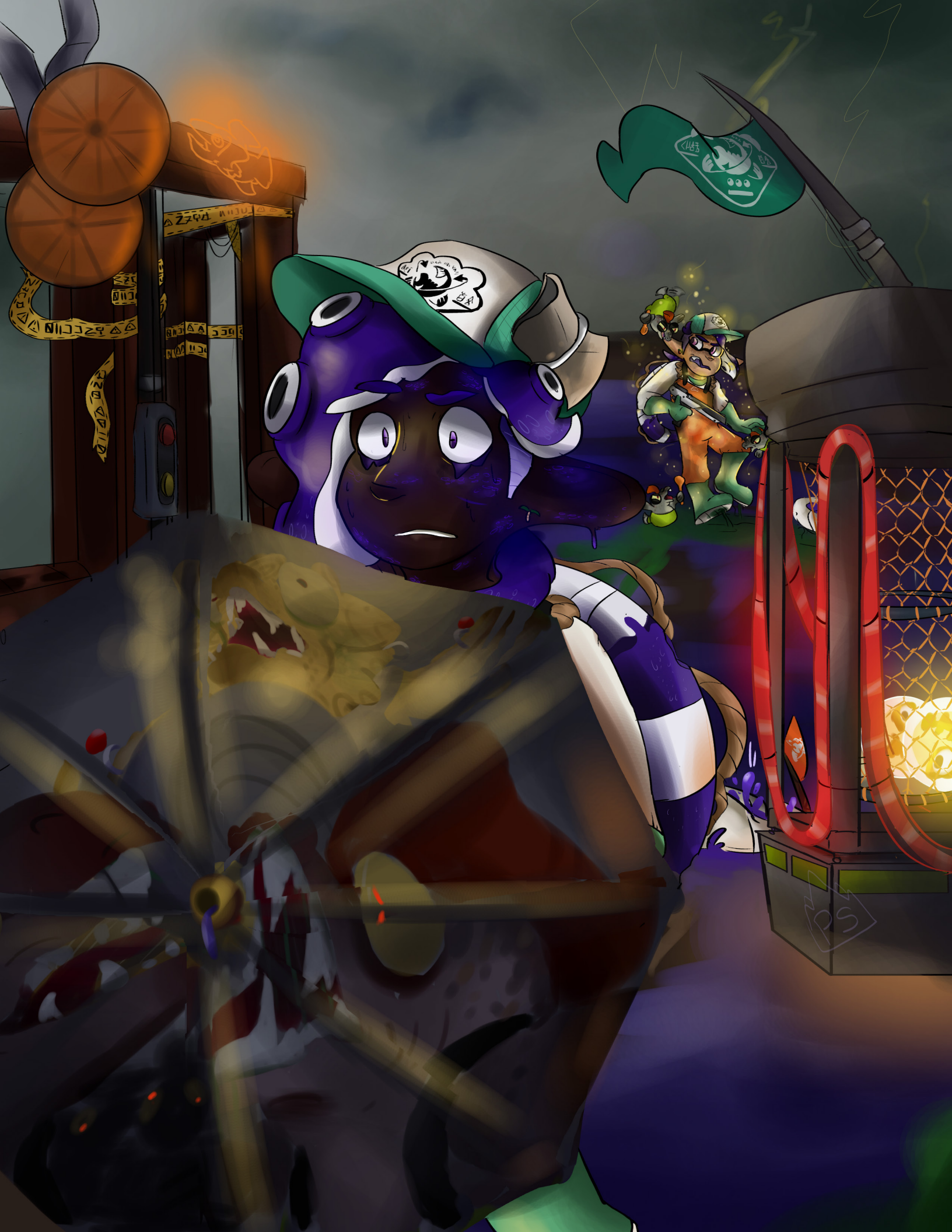












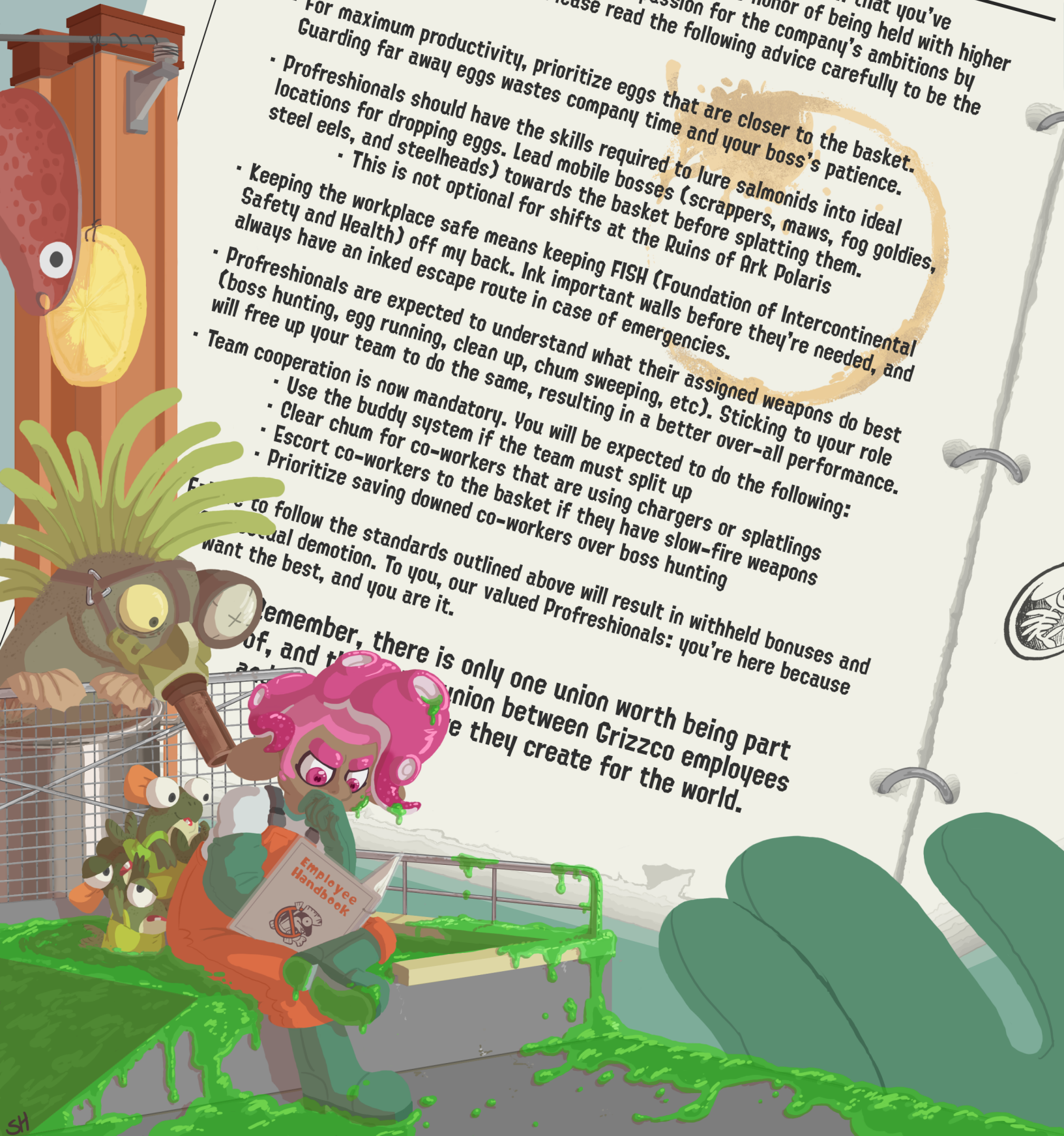


## 1.5.0 Congratulations, Profreshional

Here at Grizzco we value our most dedicated employees. Now that you've reached the profreshional paygrade, you have the honor of being held with higher standards. Profreshionals show their passion for the company's ambitions by hitting their rising quotas. Please read the following advice carefully to be the best you can be.

- For maximum productivity, prioritize eggs that are closer to the basket. Guarding far away eggs wastes company time and your boss's patience.
- Profreshionals should have the skills required to lure salmonids into ideal locations for dropping eggs. Lead mobile bosses (scrappers, maws, fog goldies, steel eels, and steelheads) towards the basket before splatting them.
  - This is not optional for shifts at the Ruins of Ark Polaris
- Keeping the workplace safe means keeping FISH (Foundation of Intercontinental Safety and Health) off my back. Ink important walls before they're needed, and always have an inked escape route in case of emergencies.
- Profreshionals are expected to understand what their assigned weapons do best (boss hunting, egg running, clean up, chum sweeping, etc). Sticking to your role will free up your team to do the same, resulting in a better over-all performance.
- Team cooperation is now mandatory. You will be expected to do the following:
  - Use the buddy system if the team must split up
  - Clear chum for co-workers that are using chargers or splatlings
  - Escort co-workers to the basket if they have slow-fire weapons
  - Prioritize saving downed co-workers over boss hunting

Remember, there is only one union worth being part of, and that is the union between Grizzco employees and the world. They create for the world.



















Ellie  
© Tallaleys













VISI COLORS













Kellyn!!!  
The EGGS!  
Don't make me  
splat you myself!





ZEKE  
KING





# CREDITS

[NOTE: CLICK ON GREEN NAMES TO BE  
TAKEN TO THEIR SOCIAL MEDIA!]



# DUOS



Artist: Katie K.  
Social: [katiemonz](#)

Writer: Ashe K.  
Social: [theashemarie](#)

Artist: Kerry Berry  
Social: [tentabrela](#)

Writer & Mod: Decoy  
Social: [black-ink-bobby](#)



Artist: Stardust  
Social: [Stardust](#)

Artist: Abi Senpaia  
Social: [abisenpaia](#)

# WRITERS



Writer: Starsyte  
Social: [artsysystruggle](#)

# ARTISTS



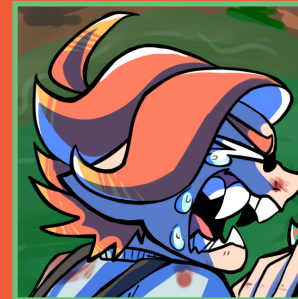
Artist: AJ  
Social: [OHNGYES](#)

Artist: Ame  
Social: [amyliobat](#)



Artist: Angela M. Chong  
Social: [angelamchong](#)

Artist: Angxix  
Social: [AnGxIx](#)



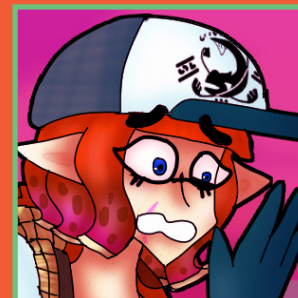
Artist: Ari  
Social: [gingers4pp](#)

Artist: Asteraws  
Social: [Asteraws](#)



Artist: Astrocitos  
Social: [Astrocitos](#)

Artist: Bara Binch55  
Social: [Aopanda55](#)



Artist: Bee  
Social: [Nonbinaryagent4](#)

Artist: Benethert  
Social: [Benethert](#)







Artist: Bipbipp  
Social: [Bipbipp](#)

Artist: Bun  
Social: [bittybattybunny](#)



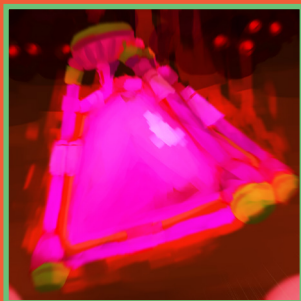
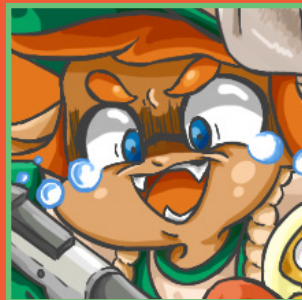
Artist: Caduncia  
Social: [Caduncia](#)

Artist: Catsupy  
Social: [Catsupy](#)



Artist: Celis  
Social: [DreilDream](#)

Artist: Chibi  
Social: [Chibchoo](#)



Artist: Chubbidust  
Social: [Chubbidust](#)

Artist: Cynthia  
Social: [mythridate](#)



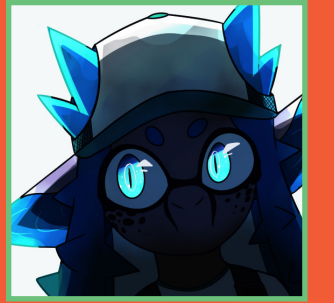
Artist: Dar  
Social: [radicaldar](#)

Artist: Deer  
Social: [MGdeerla](#)



Artist: Dee S.  
Social: [beedeedia](#)

Artist: Dogg  
Social: [artificialdogs](#)



Artist: Ebettoran  
Social: [ebettoran](#)

Artist: Emily Marchese  
Social: [starryseasart](#)



Artist: Fen  
Social: [w\\_asabes](#)

Artist: Fy  
Social: [fychanyan](#)



Artist: GGhero  
Social: [GGhero](#)

Artist: GlossyToast  
Social: [GlossyToast](#)



Artist: Grumby  
Social: [grumbers](#)

Artist: Iku  
Social: [ikuuchanh](#)







Artist & Mod: Jess  
Social: [dv21](#)

Artist: Katie A.  
Social: [overthemoonpie](#)



Artist: King  
Social: [wholegrainbullet](#)

Artist: Kizel  
Social: [KizelDraws](#)



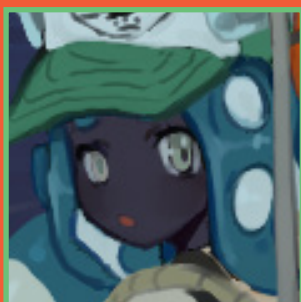
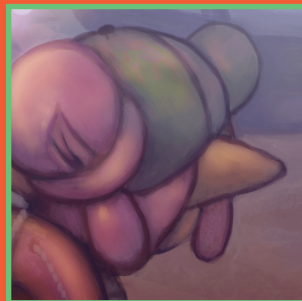
Artist: Leoid  
Social: [LeoBumpty](#)

Artist: Lia  
Social: [liamaruu](#)



Artist: Lilo  
Social: [lilowoof](#)

Artist: Lindsey K.  
Social: [Follyknight](#)



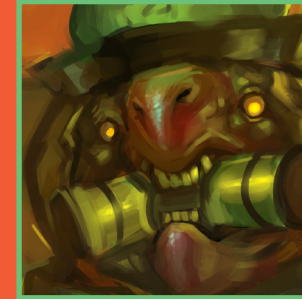
Artist: Lizzy  
Social: [pokabubuu](#)

Artist: Loma  
Social: [peachtea](#)



Artist: Louis McCorgi Lee  
Social: [louismccorgilee](#)

Artist: Mads  
Social: [WERLVJS](#)



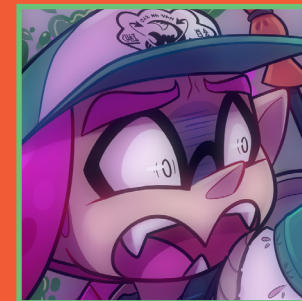
Artist: Maiko  
Social: [Maizilla](#)

Artist: Mari  
Social: [citrus\\_squid](#)



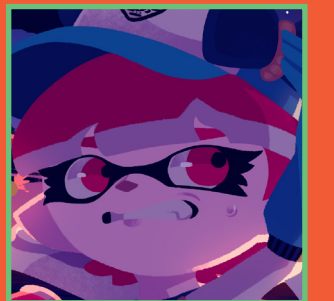
Artist: Mata  
Social: [TheMataGuy](#)

Artist: Matcha  
Social: [M4tchaM0chi](#)



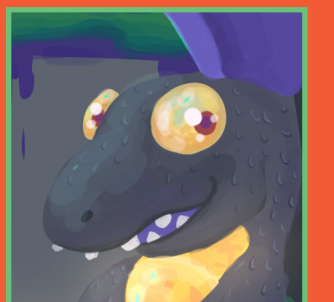
Artist: Maya  
Social: [thelibrarychick](#)

Artist: Mitho  
Social: [mithorama](#)



Artist: Mura  
Social: [muraluv](#)

Artist & Mod: Noozleboozle  
Social: [superemeralds](#)







Artist: Oceankasko  
Social: [oceankasko](#)

Artist: Olivia Owl  
Social: [TheOliviaOwl](#)



Artist: Penguin  
Social: [Tropicpenguin](#)

Artist: Pineapple  
Social: [pineapplecatuniverse](#)



Artist: PsyD  
Social: [PsyDoktor](#)

Artist & Mod: Ray  
Social: [RayRayYash](#)



Artist: ReversedKraken  
Social: [Woomyletters](#)

Artist & Mod: Sammy  
Social: [eclectic-spaghetti](#)



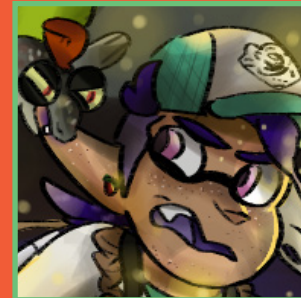
Artist: Sancho  
Social: [sanchomps](#)

Artist: Sav  
Social: [strawberry\\_sav](#)



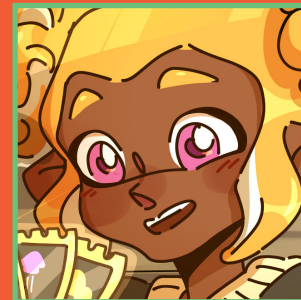
Artist: Shino  
Social: [Shinomiya Arts](#)

Artist: SilverSheep  
Social: [SilverStarSheep](#)



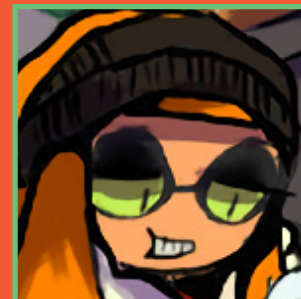
Artist: Skylar  
Social: [octoshott](#)

Artist: Slugs And Kisses  
Social: [SlugsAndKisses](#)



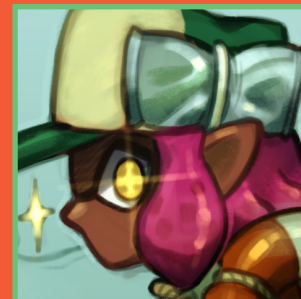
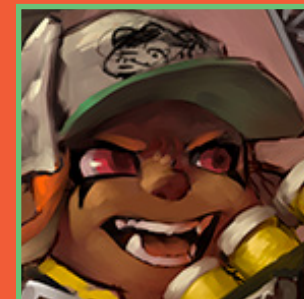
Artist: Squoon  
Social: [SquoonSquoon](#)

Artist: Sunny Go  
Social: [thesunnygo](#)



Artist: Tarica  
Social: [taricaparica](#)

Artist: Tealfuleyes  
Social: [Tealfuleyes](#)



Artist: Toripng  
Social: [toripng](#)

Artist: Veccy  
Social: [veccyboo](#)







Artist: Visi Herman  
Social: [VisiColors](#)



Artist: WaHol  
Social: [waholarts](#)



Artist: Yuun  
Social: [Yuunicworks](#)



Artist: Yza Gutierrez  
Social: [yzaart](#)



Artist: Zeke King  
Social: [ZekeKingArt](#)





THANK YOU! NOW GET BACK TO WORK.